

Hakuouki! Wakashudou?

by usagi-strike

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Summary: Ibuki Ryuunosuke has to suffer not only the humiliation of being dragged back to the Shinsengumi headquarters with a new master in tow but also the sadistic tendencies of said owner, who seems to have more in store for not only the newly-attained dog but for the freshly-reunited comrades as well. Ryuu x OC x Souji *THIS IS NOT YAOI, THOUGH IT MAY SEEM IT DUE TO SOME C/OC IDJITS*

1. A Fleeting Silence

****CHAPTER 1****

****BWUHAHAHAH, there're only Hakuouki Shinsengumi Kitan characters listed! *SAD FACE* Anyways!****

****First off, this is not yaoi (though it may as well be cuz of some idjit characters, ****_**HAHAHAH**_****). Second off, there ****_**will**_**** be someâ€| unusual smut (yaoi-ish, cuz of said idjit characters) down the line.****

****Despite those daunting warnings, keep reading! Do not let homophobia ruin a story for you.****

****Oh, right. I'm bad with Japanese rules of propriety, clothing, topography, whatnot, soâ€| would yall be ****_**sooo**_**** kind as to forgive me?****

****DISCLAIMER: I DON'T OWN HAKUOUKI, ONLY MY OCs (you'll see).****

****OxO****

A Fleeting Silence

Pain.

That was the entire world, at the moment. Everything hurt, so, so badly.

But it wasn't so bad, no. Not compared to the silence.

0.0

Every part of his body hurt.

Badly.

More so than anything he'd felt before, which was surprising to Ryuunosuke, who'd lived the life of a beaten stray for nearly eighteen years.

There was a small crunch as his attackers kicked his sword out of reach, and a small smirk spread across his face. As if he was in any condition to get up and start fighting again?

His lids grew heavy, his gaze dark. Ryuunosuke sighed. None of this would've happened if he'd just kept his damn mouth shut.

Ryuunosuke was just returning to the inn, to turn in for the night, when he heard a high-pitched scream from behind.

_He whirled around and watched in sudden alarm as a trio of grimy, rough-looking menâ€”rogue samurai, judging from the swords hanging on their sidesâ€”emerged from the shop across the dirt street and threw an aging man to the ground. A womanâ€”his daughter, maybe?â€”got down on her knees beside the fallen man and pleaded with the rogue samurai. "P-Pleaseâ€” d-don't hurt my father! W-We'll get the money somehow, justâ€” just don'tâ€”" _

She whimpered as one of the men roughly grabbed her and forced her to stand.

"_Your old man already had his chance, girl. The deadline's _passed_ already. If you're still interested, though â€”" Ryuunosuke clenched his fists as the man's eyes lustfully gazed up and down the woman's trembling body. "â€”we can find other ways for you to pay." _

Understanding and fear dawned in her eyes, and she struggled against the man, who was laughing and gesturing obscenely with his comrades.

Ryuunosuke closed his eyes and clenched his hands tightly by his side. This was too similar to that event back in Kyoto, when he'd been on an errand for Serizawa and had tried to stop three rogue samurai from hurting a store manager and his son.

Heisuke and Sanosuke had come to help that time. Here, he'd have no one.

_Ryuunosuke _had_ improved somewhat with a sword since then, but not enough that he'd be able to take on three men at once. Especially if they had better skills than he did._

Should he do it, still?

"_P-Pleaseâ€¦| someone, _anyone_, h-helpâ€¦|!"_

He grit his teeth and, with a small sigh, opened his eyes.

He hated samurai.

And now, he was probably going to die at the hands of one.

He winced as one of the rogues grabbed him by the head. "Any last words, _dog?_" Without waiting for an answer, the man threw him back to the ground and laughed. "C'mon. Let's go. Take the girl with us."

"N-No!"

"D-Damn itâ€¦|" he muttered. _Whyâ€¦| Why can't I _help_ anyone?_

He started when his thoughts were voiced aloud. "Why can't you _help_ anyone?"

"B-Bastard! What the hell do you think you'reâ€¦"

"If you damn samurai don't wanna die, you better run off and leave those people alone."

"Hah! What do you think you can do against the three of us? C'mon, we can take this bastard!"

"You just dug your own grave, bakas."

With what little strength he could still muster, Ryuunosuke painstakingly sat up to the sounds of battle andâ€¦| and _laughter_.

Off in the distance, he could make out the receding forms of bystanders. The man and his daughter, too, had disappeared, and with good reason.

Dancing in the midst of the clumsy trio of rogue samurai was a true swordsman. Around them, pale petals fell in a quiet daze, with an enchanting tranquility that defied the enormity of the situation, lending a greater air of elegance to the grace and poise of the swordsman whose blade was gleaming with otherworldly silver in the moonlight.

It was a fleeting silence, though. Easily broken.

Ryuunosuke balked as his savior, standing unharmed and unconcerned with the trio of corpses surrounding him, scowled and turned his head upwards. "Oi, oba-san! Throw those damn petals somewhere else, they're getting in the way!"

"Disrespectful as usual, Mochizuki-kun!" His savior growled as a sopping white mess fell from aboveâ€¦"thrown by the "oba-san," the inn keeper's wifeâ€¦"and nearly clobbered him in the head.

"Damn it, I paid good money to sleep here for the night!" Mochizuki snapped, picking up what looked to be undergarments and kimono shirts. "You should take better care of my things!"

"You're disturbing the sleep of my customers, so you can take your money and your trouble elsewhere for the night!"

"Screw that! You aint seeing my face anymore after this, oba-san!"

Ryuunosuke's head sunk to the ground again. "Damn itâ€¦" All he'd wanted to do was sleep on an actual bed for the first time in nearly a week, not listen to some strangers argue over his soon-to-be-dead body.

With a faint sigh, he closed his eyes. He was so damn tiredâ€¦

A hiss slipped past his cracked lips when he was roughly hauled up again into an upright position. "Oi, baka! I took the time to come save you, and you have the guts to die on me?"

With great effort, Ryuunosuke cracked his eyes open and looked up at Mochizuki, who was looking down at him with a curious look on his face. "Youâ€¦ I just saved you."

Ryuunosuke shivered when a grim smile spread across his face, and a sense of foreboding filled him. "You owe me a blood debt now, right?"

He scowled as the swordsman threw his long brown ponytail over one shoulder and laughed. "Hahah, this is just my luck! Youâ€¦" Mochizuki turned his attention back to Ryuunosuke.

"You're going to become my dog."

****O_O****

****Janjan? Finally got it done, after reading this other Hakuouki fanfic (Hakuouki: The Blossoming Bud ^^).****

****Ryuunosuke, why you no epic skills? *sigh* I honestly shouldn't be doing this, since I've a lot of other fanfics to doâ€¦ not to mention **_**school work**_**. I know, and it's midway through summer, too! *siiigh*Oh **_**wells**_**â€¦****

****Nyaaah, found out recently that there's another one! Urakata Hakuoukiâ€¦ Hope they make an anime outta that, since I can't get my hands on any of the friggin games *cries* Same for Diabolik Lovers, this other otome game that's becoming an anime this year *squee* So much pretty people, ladida... You gotta love dem Japanese people, ya know? *sigh* If only I had a firm grasp on their language...****

****But! About the game! Why're there only 4 (?) dudesâ€¦? And why are Hijikata and Okita on the cover, still? â€œ.O****

****What is plural baka?****

****Well! Reviews and whatnot highly appreciated, yah.****

****CHAPTER 2****

****Hahahahah, michi (that's a guy name, aint it? "path"? what's naki for?), you're the first to follow _THIS_ one! *clapclapclap* Yall others should follow her (despite the name, I'mâ€| _still_ thinking of you as a girl! ^^) example so I can find out your names and check out _YOUR_ stories, too, nyaha_HAH~!_****

****Oh! Well, finished rewatching Ibuki's anime just yesterday, and the first season of Hakuouki today (went to Vassalord OVA [was hoping for an anime, nyahâ€|] and No. 6 after that, hehehehâ€|). Totally laughed when I realized that I'd forgotten quite a few things i.e. the conditions of Ibuki's departure, the interesting tidbit that Okita helped him not die (hahah, useful for the future!), the fact that he LOST HIS SWORD. Haha_hah_â€| How did you get that one you threw away last chapter, Ryuu-chanâ€|?***

****Wellâ€| onwards to the chapter?***

****DISCLAIMER: I DON'T OWN HAKUOUKI, ONLY MY OCs (the children, the _CHILDREN!_).****

****OvO****

A Master for Every Stray

_ "Papa, Papa!"_

_ "Look, Papa!" The man turned around with a smile as the young childrenâ€|"an indistinguishable pair, with the same dark blue eyes and short brown hairâ€|"rushed up to him, matching smiles on their identical faces._

_ "What is it, Yasu, Ren?"_

_ "Look what we found, Papa!"_

_ "Kawai, ne?"_

_ The man blinked as his two children brought forth a small, scruffy brown puppy from between the two of them. "You found a stray."_

_ "Yeah! It was hiding in the bushes! We picked it up!"_

_ "It's so soft and small andâ€| _kawai!_ Can we keep it, Papa?"_

_ "Well, we may not have enough to feed it for longâ€|"_

_ "B-But,_ Papa_â€|" The face of the child on the left fell, their voice trailing off. The child on the right, though, their face scrunched up in sudden anger._

_ "You're mean, Papa! It's gonna snow soon, and the dog, it'sâ€|"Pochacco is alone and scared!"_

_ The father of the pair blinked. "Y-Youâ€| You named it? Pochacco?"_

The child on the right furiously nodded.

The twins tensed as the man, their father, started shaking, and they both blinked and took a step back when he threw back his head and laughed. Grins spread across the face of both Yasu and Ren as Papa ruffled their brown heads. "Well, since you named it already, Ren, we have to keep it now, since he looks like he needs a home. And a master! There has to be a master for every stray, right?"

A broad smile spread across Ren's face. "Right! And that's me!"

****OwO****

All that registered with Ryuunosuke before the world spun off-kilter was that it was warm, and then it suddenlyâ€| wasn't.

It was _wet_.

While he shook out his wet hair, a taunting voice called out, "Rise n' shine, _dog_."

Blinking owlishly around himâ€| "why were there so many _trees?"â€| Ryuunosuke uncertainly looked up.

Standing before him was the brown-haired man from before. Thoughâ€| judging from the soft, almost feminine shape of his face, Mochizuki was only as old as he was. Judging also from the condition of his mud-stained, worn clothes, he was a bad financial situation like Ryuunosuke, too.

He glowered when the other boy's dark blue eyes narrowed at him.

"W-Whatâ€| is it?"

"I'm deciding what to _do_ with you."

"What do youâ€|" Ryuunosuke froze when he tried to raise his arms and found that heâ€| _couldn't_. He looked down and blanched. "Oi! Why am I tied up like this?"

He glared up at the brown-haired boy, who smirked. He gulped when Mochizuki bent forward so that their eyes were level. Bright orange gazed up into dim blue, and Ryuunosuke was the first to look away. When he did, Mochizuki laughed. "Isn't it obvious? It's so you don't run off and screw me over, dog."

"I aint no one's dog!" Not _anymore_, at least.

"Since I _saved_ your sorry ass last night, you owe me a blood debt. If you'd don't pay up, I'm gonna finish the job those samurai started last night and gut you like a fish."

He hung his head and muttered, "Damn it."

Serizawa hadn't saved him and let him go just so that he could become someone _else's_ dog!

Butâ€|

He was supposed to live, to experience things, to see the world.

To find a reason to die.

He couldn't do that if he was already dead.

Ryuunosuke hung his head. "I'll live, damn it!" He scowled when a pale hand shot out and grabbed his chin and forced him to look up. Taunting, cold blue eyes smiled down at him, and he bit back a growl as he scowled up at his new master.

"Now that we've got that settledâ€¦ I wonder what I should name you, dog. I'd say 'Pochacco,' but that'd be an insult to the firstâ€¦"

"I have a name already, damn it! It's Ryuunosuke! Ibuki Ryuunosuke! And I don't need another master!"

Ryuunosuke scowled as Mochizuki's smirk flattened out into a bored glower. "Scratch that. A dog deserves a name. A stray should earn it, prove its worth. So until you prove to me that you deserve a name, I'll just call youâ€¦ 'stray.' And there's a master for every stray, right? In your case, that's me."

He jerked his head out of Mochizuki's hands. He turned away with another scowl. "Bastard."

"Wrong." A frown creased his face again when Mochizuki sat down on the grass, unperturbed.

"What do you mean, 'wrong'?"

Annoyance bubbled up when Mochizuki smirked and replied with an arrogant "That's for me to know and you to find out, stray."

Ryuunosuke growled and aimed a kick at the source of his new irritation. "What'm I supposed to call you then, huh?" he snorted. " 'Master'?"

The scowl on his face deepened when Mochizuki grinned. "A dog, let alone a stray, never calls its master by their name. For now I'll be 'Master.' If anyone else asks, thoughâ€¦ I'm Mochizuki Yasu."

****OxO****

****HAHAHAHAH! Realized I posted this up when I hadn't finished a little line, hehehehehâ€¦****

****Well! Started two other "Chapter 2"s after this, cuz I didn't wanna make things go too fast, butâ€¦ ugh, it was such a bitch looking for other ways to do this, so I was like, "Fuck it!" and left the other candidates as later chapters instead.****

****I called every starter PokÃ©mon I got by that name, in the beginning (I don't really play the games anymore), but aint Pochacco that one dog? White, with black ears? Wears a purple hoodie?****

****Oh! Went and looked at the real-live counterparts of the**

SHinsengumi~! Wish I hadn'tâ€|**

Decidedâ€| I'll do the Japanese way of saying things for this fic, even though I didn't do that for my other ones. Sounds cooler that way, since white people, when they try to sound all badass and shit in movies, are like, last name first, then first name ("Bonds. James Bond."). But last names are the norm for Japanese people, first names for intimacy, right?

*****TOTAL (OFF-TOPIC) SPOILER (RANT) FOR THE ANIME
AMNESIA*****

Okay, so, like, I finished watching it a few days back, with my sister (the one who read Bokura Ga Ita? "We Were There") and I was likeâ€| _SOOO_ DISAPPOINTED!? Like, WTF? I tootally expected more romance! That girl (I don't give such a fuck bout her, I don't even remember her name --) is too lukewarm, I never warmed up to her. I only cared about her in the context of how she'd friggin die and jump worlds next and which cute guy she'd date next (ha_HAH_, guessed in ep 2 that every chapter would feature her with a different cute guy, and I was RIIIGHT~! Makes me think, did they base this offa an otome game?). I was always secretly rooting for the green-haired guy in the intro song (cool how the person she kissed changed!), so I was like, "Ehhh?" when he came out all psychotic-looking in his first appearance. My sisters laughed at me and said I was probably rooting for him, and, er, heheheh, I _was_, slightly along with clover Kento (obviously not as much as I was for psychotic green-haired guy). But yeah, I kept expecting romantic shit to happen. Was very disappointed. The only part where the MG actually got romantic with the dude would've been when she was with Toma and he almost raped her stupid ass (WHY YOU NO DO IT, TOMA?). God, I totally _loved_ him in that world! That part where he said he should just break her? I was internally screaming "DO IT, DO IT, DO IIIIIIT!". Gosh, dunno why, I was just hoping hoping for smut, for some reason. Don't get me wrong, I like the anime (especially the end, where she got to choose which set of memories to haveâ€| UKYO, BITCH!))! I justâ€| _hate_ the girl.

Yep. End of my rant. Onto the WEEPING!

**Anohana, guys. Totally sweet anime! I cried. Got the music, too! The music box version of Secret Base is cute. So is Poppo. Imma go read GE â€" Good Ending naow, since it's been completed for a while
^^**

Started listening to Acid Black Cherry while I was happening over No. 6 songs, heheh.

I ramble a lot, guys. Specially bout things that don't pertain to the chapter or anime. Sorry! If you see longass black bolded crap like this in the future, the things that actually pertain to the chapter are always at the top, so once you see it start to deviate from thatâ€| ditch it.

3. Strange New Traveling Companion

CHAPTER 3

**Welcome, new followers sandrableach, checkeredpolkadots,

MikoSaseko! Yall got me into hurrying up and working on this chapter.**

Ah, andâ€| my **_bad_****, michi. That's a ****_unisex_**** name.**

DISCLAIMER: I DON'T OWN HAKUOUKI, ONLY MY OCs (Yasu, Ren, Papa, Pochacco, man).

OvO

Strange New Traveling Companion

The two men were in the midst of discussing what to do about the current predicament when one of them, a man that looked to be in his mid-twenties, saw a strange sight out of the corner of his eye and burst into laughter. "Would you look at that!"

The other man followed suit and shook his head. "That kid won't go anywhere without that strange new traveling companion." Said "strange new traveling companion," having caught sight of the man, excitedly barked and wagged its tail. Its companion, a short, brown-haired child with soft, round features, grinned.

"What is it, Pochacco?" The child beamed when the dog led them to the pair of men.

"Papa!" The young man smiled when the father ruffled the child's tangled mass of brown hair. "Ren, what're you doing here?"

Ren grinned up at Papa. "I'm looking for Yasu! Have you seen him?"

Papa laughed. "If I tell you, that'd be unfair, and you're cheating enough as it is having Pochacco help you sniff out your older brother."

Ren stuck out a tongue. "No it's not! He knows more hiding places than me anyways, so it doesn't matter!"

There was a short burst of laughter, and the small child turned to glare at the young man. "Oi, jiiiii! Are you laughing at me?"

"Ren, that's no way to talk to your elders!" Papa laughed, though, and Ren sneered at the man and turned away with a sniff.

"Ah, I forgot. Let me introduce you two," Papa laughed, wiping his eyes. "This is one of my kids, Ren. Ren, this is Masaru, someone you'll be getting to know real well, since he's going to be helping around the house from now on."

"Why?" Ren snapped, glaring at the man, Masaru. He responded by giving her a smile. "Your father isn't as strong as he used to be, Ren-chan."

"Kun!" Ren snapped, pointing a finger at the man. "It's Ren-kun, not Ren-chan!"

"But Ren-chan sounds so much cuter."

Ren stomped a foot. "I don't wanna be cute!"

"That's too bad!" Papa shouted. The young man watched, a smile on his face as the father picked up child and dog and swung them about. "You're one of my cute little kids, and that's what you always will be!"

"Papa!" But there was a hint of a smile in Ren's voice, and soon, childish laughter filled the air. "Papa, baka, stop it!"

"That's no fair, Ren!" All three turned and watched as another small brown-haired child ran up to them, cheeks red from running. "You were supposed to come look for me!"

"It takes forever to find you though, and that's no fun!"

"But you always have Pochacco, and that's no fun either."

Yasu pouted when Ren stuck a tongue at him. "Not my fault he likes me more, Yasu no baka!"

"Alright, alright," Papa sighed, wrapping an arm around the red-eyed Yasu. "Stop being such an ogre to your older brother and apologize, Ren."

"No!"

"No?" Papa muttered, raising an eyebrow.

"If people see me being an ogre to Yasu, they won't pick on him, since they know I'll be an ogre to them too if they bother him!"

"That's actually some good thinking," Masaru replied, laughing.

Ren sniffed and turned away again. "Of course! That's cuz I'm smart!"

"Right you are, Ren! That's why you'll apologize like I told you to, else you'll be carrying some more buckets later in the dark."

"Come on, Yasu, we gotta go help Mama. Race you back!" Ren shouted, turning and rushing off. "I'll let you beat me this time too, so stop crying!"

Papa laughed. "You gotta love that kid of mine."

"Yes, I do." Papa was still watching Ren, so only Yasu saw the strange smile that suddenly spread across the man's face. Beside him, Pochacco growled, and Masaru turned and blinked at Yasu, as if he'd forgotten that the young child was still there. He flashed him a disarming smile, and the young boy shivered.

"P-Papa!"

_The other man turned back and clapped Yasu on the shoulder. "Yasu, you should get going. And don't let Ren get you down,

alright?_

"Ah, let me introduce you to Masaru, Yasu! He'll be staying around the house from now on andâ€""_

Yasu ran off, away from the man with the strange smile.

OwO

"Say, Master, would you slow down a bit? I can't keep up." Ryuunosuke glared, his bottom lip jutting out in disgruntled fatigue when the figure ambling on ahead of him didn't bother slowing down.

"Oi, did you hear me?"

Again, no reply.

"Damn it," he muttered. He hadn't eaten since that small bowl of rice last night, and half of that he'd given to the small cur licking around the bottom of his chair.

Ryuunosuke sighed. Damn him and his soft heart.

A growl ripped through the air.

Damn his empty stomach, too.

"Shut up."

He frowned. "I can't do that unless I eat, yâ€"Oi!" Ryuunosuke gnashed his teeth together when something hard flew into his head. "What was that for?"

"Your stupid whining."

"You could've handed it to me," he muttered, awkwardly bending down to pick up the piece of bread. Just as his hand was about to touch it, the piece of rope latched around his hands jerked forward, pulling him back up. Reflexively, he'd shuffled forward, and now the piece of bread was further down along the road.

"W-Wait up!" he whined. When his question was met with a "Why should a master wait on its pet?" Ryuunosuke dug his heels into the dirt. "If all you're going to do is starve it to death, what's the point in picking up a stray?"

When Mochizuki stopped in the middle of the dirt path, Ryuunosuke hurriedly picked up the stale piece of bread and jammed it into his mouth.

"You know, some people would pick up a stray just so they can kill it themselves, watch it suffer under their hands." A chill passed through him, and Ryuunosuke tensed when Mochizuki turned his dark blue eyes on him. "It's so they can have power over some other living thing. Be a god, in that short amount of time."

Even when the brown-haired boy turned away and started walking again, Ryuunosuke's muscles stayed tense for a minute before he slowly started nibbling on his hunk of bread.

"Why'm I so hungry and thirsty?"

"You were asleep for a while."

"How long?"

Ryuunosuke nearly choked on the chunk of bread when Mochizuki replied, "Three days."

"S-So long?"

"Those bastards got you pretty bad. I thought one of your ribs was going to pop out." When Ryuunosuke started fumbling at his clothes, laughter flitted through the air. "Baka. I already patched you up. You wouldn't be standing there if I hadn't." When Ryuunosuke stared at him, Mochizuki snorted and rolled his eyes. "Don't worry, I didn't see anything. You probably wouldn't have anything to tempt me with anyways."

"T-That's not why I was staring!" Ryuunosuke snapped.

"It's alright, stray. Lots of mutts are star struck and in love with their owners."

"You don't own me. I just owe you," he muttered around a stiff mouthful of bread, wincing as the pieces chaffed at his dry lips and caught on their way down his throat. Mochizuki cast him one last smirk, and he frowned and turned away, looking at their surroundings. He blanched when he realized that he knew them. He'd passed them, some time ago.

"Where're we going?" When Mochizuki didn't reply, Ryuunosuke yanked on the rope tying them together.

"Oi, where're we going?"

"If you don't stop pulling on our string of fate, it's going to break."

What?

"Stop playing around with me!" Ryuunosuke snapped, rushing forward until his face was in that of Mochizuki's. "And besides, this string is white. Any baka can tell that the string of fate is red."

"It will be, if you don't stop yapping in my face and back down."

Ryuunosuke backed down. Mochizuki smirked and turned away, and he reluctantly followed after him. They walked in silence like this for quite some time, and Ryuunosuke thought that that annoying guy was never going to answer when there came a nonchalant "I've never been to Kyoto before."

Dread filled him. Something like a lead weight dropped on his heart and started trying to pound it into the ground. "N-No way!"

"I plan to be visiting family there."

"T-That's â€¦"

He stopped when the other boy suddenly had his face in his, a finger lifting up his chin. "What's the matter, stray? Cat got that tongue of yours now?"

"Stop!" he snapped, swatting it away. This was one really strange new traveling companion. Worse though was the fact that he was going to Kyoto, where they were.

"Iâ€¦ I can't go with you."

"What was that?"

"Iâ€¦ I'm not supposed to be hereâ€¦"

"If I hadn't saved your sorry ass, I wouldn't be here either, so shut up." At the strange edge in Mochizuki's voice, Ryuunosuke shut his mouth, and they kept walking like that the rest of the way, until the sun sank below the horizon. In all that time, he didn't stop thinking though.

Ryuunosuke had to get away from his new master. That was the only option. If he didn't, he'd be taken back to the slaughter house, and he might've used to be a suicidal fool, but he wasn'tâ€¦not anymore, at leastâ€¦and he didn't feel like dying. Not yet.

O~O

I keep imagining Ryuu with long hair and forgetting that he sheared that shit off!

Well! Sorry for taking forever to write. I've beenâ€¦ lazy (and poleaxed by writer's block). And I've been sidetracked by Kpop, heheh. I liked it before, but I've **really**** gotten into it now. Any Exotics or KissMes here? Kiseopians and Soohyunnies, unite! Damn, I love those guysâ€¦ Not a sasaeng though. Never that. Nor will you find me scratching into any of my body parts "I love EXO" (some strange girl did that, aish). Really wanna go buy their merchandiseâ€¦ (cute backpacks and bracelets, aiiiii!)**

Well, you can now find me on (sister site to roleplayrepublic and fanficoverflow, both of whose purpose I don't get [why leave the story drabble as an original fanfic when you can turn it into a novel, where you get recognition for it?]), where I'veâ€¦ started created several other romantic little children. Under the same username, duh. But yes, find me. Especially you Big Bang, U-Kiss, EXO fans. Minor MBLAQness too.

Miiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiir**.**

Ah! Next chapter? PREPARE YOURSELVES! I'M FEELING LIKE THERE'S GONNA BE SOME TOTAL YAOI-Y FEELING SMUT (remember what I said at the beginning, though)! FEEL FREE NOT TO READ IF YOU'RE A HOMOPHOBE! Orâ€¦ if you just don't enjoy the BL (fufufu, enjoy the mayo, guys! Enjoy the mayoâ€¦).

****CHAPTER 4****

****HEY GUYS, NO WORRIES!** I wussed out and took outâ€| that horrific semi-BL-ish scene. I usually don't mind writing those (even though they makes me giggle cuz it's soâ€| YOU KNOW?!) but it felt so awkward when I tried this time cuzâ€| RYUU'S NOT GAY IN HERE! This must be what it feels like for those girls here on FF who happen upon those strange fics with their favorite straight bishies doingâ€| ****_**stuff**_****. Another reason why you non-yaoi fans are lucky? The scene wasn't supposed to be exciting for Ryuu-chan, so I had to avoid stuff that would suggest excitement, and that's just sorta hard, having people kiss when one of them might hurl straight into the other's open mouth. So! It's implied, notâ€| explicitly written. Well, maybe a ****_**little**_****. I mean, it's just a kissâ€| ******

****READ ON PLEASE AND FORGIVE ME FALSE WARNING!****

****DISCLAIMER:** I DON'T OWN HAKUOUKI, ONLY MY OCs (instead of putting all of them now, imma just put the names of any new OCs I might introduce, yah?). ******

****OUO****

Terrors of the Night

In a corner of the dark room, on the center of the small mat, a shivering lump reached for the still forms lying beside it.

"_R-Renâ€| "_

The dog stirred and gave a few curious, blind comforting licks, and sleepily, the other dark-haired twin answered. "Whashâ€| what is it, Yasuâ€|?"

"_I-I saw something scary today, andâ€|"_

"_You meanâ€|" A small yawn. "â€|just now? Stop being such a scaredy cat. It's justâ€| the shadowsâ€|"_

"_No, I meanâ€|"yes, the shadows are scary, but it wasâ€|"_

"_Don't worry, Yasu, I'llâ€| protect you from the monsters, m'kay? Cuz no one but me can pick on you. Soâ€| go backâ€| toâ€| sleepâ€|"_

"_But Ren, you don'tâ€|" The boy stopped when a small snore sounded. "Ren?"_

No one answered this time, and Yasu sighed before wrapping his arms tightly around Ren. "Baka. You can't protect me if you aren't awake looking out for monsters."

****OMO****

"Damn itâ€|" His parched lips twitched into a grimace as his sore rear landed on hard-packed dirt and grass. Why'd Mochizuki wait so long before stopping? This far outside the capital there wouldn't be that many stragglers or ronin, with the houses in between being even

less so. So what was the rush?

"Here." Another stale piece of bread flew and hit him in the head. He scowled up at Mochizuki, who ignored his glare and sat down, unconcerned. Ryuunosuke watched as he tightened the cord of rope around his wrist. When Mochizuki caught him staring, he smirked and nodded at him. "Finish that and get to sleep. We've got a long day tomorrow."

Ryuunosuke looked up at the sky, the barest tinge of red disappearing amidst the blue, and sighed. And he'd thought today had been a long day.

"Got any blankets?"

"If you want to wallow in your own blood, be my guest."

"Then what about some flint?"

"You never know just who or what might be out there."

"Then how're we supposed to keep warm? We don't even have—" He stopped abruptly when he felt a pair of hands suddenly encircle his waist and go to the string of his pants. "I got you, and you got me. That'll suffice for now." Sudden panic filled him. Mochizuki didn't really mean—|?

The string came undone.

"O-Oi, stop! Get off of me!"

"I don't get why you're so flustered. Dogs huddle for warmth all the time, so you must've done this a lot already."

"You, you sick bastard, get—"

Ryuunosuke shuddered when the hands let up and the weight on his back lifted. He didn't turn to look as a laugh sounded out above him as he hurriedly retied his pants. "Don't worry, stray. I won't do anything, tonight. You can sleep without fear—| for now."

He shivered as the other boy settled down beside him, not two feet away. Unsteadily he sat back, and a moment passed before he chanced a look beside him and saw that Mochizuki had closed his eyes and was resting with his hands behind his head.

Seeing him doing that made him want to just lie back and rest his heavy lids too, but he didn't. Instead he watched the brown-haired boy for a long time, waiting for his breathing to slow and steady, for his movements to still. It wasn't until quite some time had passed—"two hours, three?"—"before he slowly eased up onto his elbows. Slowly, hesitantly, he inched forward, his heart jumping madly between his chest and his throat. Beads of sweat dripped from his brow as his suddenly clammy hands crunched on the grass and rocks beneath him.

He froze.

When Mochizuki made no move he started forward again. As his hand hovered above the belt of Mochizuki's pants, the sheath of the katana

almost in reach, he paused.

Should he really be doing this? It was for survival, yes—he had to get away, because if he didn't and the two of them kept on their path and got to Kyoto and they found him then Mochizuki or no, he'd be dead—but he still had to think of what little honor or pride he had left. As a man, if not a samurai. He couldn't worry about that if he were—

"How long do you plan on sitting there?"

Ryuunosuke's eyes widened as a hand shot up and grabbed him by the front of his shirt. He winced as he was pinned to the ground.

"O-Oi!"

Mochizuki laughed. "Forgot to tell you—I'm a light sleeper."

"Get off of me!"

The grin disappeared into the darkness.

"Get this through your head, cuz if you don't I'm gonna beat it into you." Ryuunosuke opened his cracked lips to answer but looked away at the last moment. He scowled when Mochizuki forcefully turned his chin so that he had to look up into familiar cool eyes, too close for comfort, since their noses were nearly touching. "You're mine now, stray."

Suddenly, Mochizuki moved forward and claimed his bruised, bleeding lips, and he shuddered as his master bit and tugged at them. Ryuunosuke tried to pull away, as his lips split and bled, but Mochizuki didn't seem to care. In fact, he seemed to like it, the taste of his blood.

It made his stomach churn.

Finally, he managed to break contact between their faces. "Let—| let me up!"

"I really was going to save our first lesson for another time cuz I was tired from hauling your corpse everywhere the past few days, but since you seem so energetic and eager I'll move it to tonight. Right now."

"L-Lesson?" gaped Ryuunosuke. "What lesson?"

Instead of answering, Mochizuki forcefully dragged him to a tree and promptly hit him over the head. After a few dazed seconds, Ryuunosuke realized that Mochizuki had tied his arms around the tree. He blanched when he saw him fingering his pants. Again.

"O-Oi, w-what're you doing—|?"

Mochizuki ignored him and undid the string of his pants.

"M-Mochizuki, I—"

"Seems I'm gonna have to teach you about names too."

"M-Master, I'm sure we can, uh, talk about this misunderstanding. I-I wasâ€"

"We'll talk about it. After we're done."

"Done? Withâ€ with what?" But Mochizuki ignored him and took a strip of cloth, some sort of white bandage, from his sleeve and grinned at him.

"That's for me to know and you to find out, stray. You'll catch on quick though." He smirked at him. "They all do."

Ryuunosuke started thrashing as Mochizuki stepped forward with the blindfold. "S-Stop. Don'tâ€"

Darkness descended as white slipped down over his eyes.

"R-Really, we don't need to, to do this," he nervously laughed, shifting uncomfortably as cool hands nudged aside the front of his red shirt. The only reply he got was the rasp of cloth sliding off flesh.

He shivered as something velvety and rough trailed its way down the line of his throat towards hisâ€

This guy wouldn't_ reallyâ€?_

He cried out when something bit him.

****X/X****

****For some strange reason, I keep imagining Ryuunosuke as he was at the beginning of the series and not as he was at the end.****

****Ladidadida-ish crap that you can feel free not to read? Went and organized all the chapters for this so that everything is in chronological order, andâ€ I realized that most of my planned chapters are stacking things too much in Okita's favor, ack! Question! WHO SHOULD WIN THE LOVE RIVALRY FOR THE HAND OF THE GIRL THAT WILL INEVITABLY SHOW HERSELF IN FRONT OF THESE BISHIES!? THE PSYCOPATH OR THE PUTZ? Won't necessarily change my course of action in here, butâ€ I'd like to know. And plusâ€ ya never know. Butâ€ I am notâ€ as excited as I should be for the appearance of Okita (5 chapters from now, if I organized correctly). It's so hard making other people's characters witty and sarcastic when you don't even know if yours are doing their jobs properly, so I shall try to refrain from inadvertently dumbing down his brilliance with my lack of intelligenceâ€****

****Sorry. Am trying to cut back on long ANs for all my fics. So, yepâ€ no more long, fun (useless) babblesâ€****

5. Wash Away the Dawn

****CHAPTER 5****

In case you didn't catch it last chapterâ€¦ I WUSSED OUT AND TOOK OUT **_THAT**_** SCENE. So 4 isâ€¦| **_**relatively**_** clean! Nowâ€¦| go read it!**

DISCLAIMER: I DON'T OWN HAKUOUKI, ONLY MY OCs.

O3O

Wash Away the Dawn

There was a lot of white. A sea of it. A wave. It was going to drown him.

Everything blended together, the clothes, the faces. The people. All until one. He was blank-faced. If you looked closely enough, every few minutes his lips would twitch and he would bring a hand up to cover his face. Like he was crying and didn't want anyone to see, because he was supposed to be a grown man.

Yasu thought it was more because he didn't want anyone to see that he was trying not to smile.

_They said _he_ had been the first one to find Papa. Masaru. He'd come to the house around the same time as usual and found that Papa had collapsed. He hadn't been doing well for some time now, that's what people said. He'd been getting worse lately. That's why Masaru had started coming around, to help he was so nice._

_He didn't trust him. No one else had noticed, but Papa had gotten worse once _he_ started coming around. And he was strange. Playing with Ren, buying Ren treats. He liked Ren too much. Everyone thought Yasu was just being jealous, but he wasn't. That man wanted Ren, and now that Papa was goneâ€¦|_

Yasu fidgeted when Masaru caught his eye and smiled, and he quickly turned away and looked at Mama. She was holding onto Ren and crying, and Yasu grabbed her hand as the men brought the torches to Papa's body. There was a brief moment where everyone paused, as if remembering that this would be the last time to see Papa's face.

Then everything went up in flames and dyed the sea of white a bloody red.

OUO

Ryuunosuke awoke with a start.

He furiously glanced around for a sign of, ofâ€¦| _that bastard_, but there was no one. Quickly, he stood up and started clawing at his pants. He immediately hunched back down when he heard a familiar voice behind him.

"Don't even think about it, damn stray. Unless you're looking for another lesson?"

"S-Shut up!" he snapped. "I was only gonna take a, aâ€¦|" A shadow crossed his face, and he turned away. Above him, a snort, and he flushed in anger and embarrassment.

"There's a river not too far from here. You can take a wash too, if you're not too busy peeing yourself in fear and shame."

"I'm not afraid," muttered Ryuunosuke, scowling as the other boy pulled on the cord of rope. Awkwardly, he got up off the ground and followed Mochizuki, who snorted. "Yeah? What about the second half?" When Ryuunosuke didn't answer, he laughed. "No needa feel ashamed about the natural order of the world. The weak? Dominated by the strong. Not a damn thing you can do to change it."

****OxO****

Ryuunosuke glared up at the sun, which was gliding higher and higher up into the sky. The seconds were dragging away as that bastard splashed and played in the river. You wouldn't even be able to connect him with the boy blazing a trail across the country yesterday, he was so laidback and unconcerned. Maybe a kawa-akago ****(an infant monster that lurks around rivers and drowns people)**** had gotten him and the splashing was just his long, drawn-out death throes. Or maybeâ€

Something flew and hit him in the head.

"T-That hurt! Master, what was that fâ€"

A rock came flying over as he was about to turn around.

"Did you forget what I said, stray?"

"_Stay put. Don't look over here. If I find you doing it I'm gonna end you."_

He growled. "No one wants to look at you anyways." Making fun of him like he did, who was Mochizuki? Ryuunosuke wasn't good-looking like Hijikata, jovial like Harada, or charming like Okita, sure, but Mochizuki wasâ€| he was _vulgar_. And violent. And perverted. Just thinking about last night made him want toâ€

"Oi, stray!"

"W-What is itâ€|?" he yelled.

"I have to feed you, but I don't have to wash you."

He scrambled up. "N-No one said you had to! And, and besidesâ€|" He didn't want Mochizuki touching him.

As he trudged to the bank, Mochizuki threw on his kimono shirt. "I don't get why you're so upset," he drawled, retying his long brown hair. "Last night was what you would've gotten if you'd gone out and found some prostitute in the capital's Red Light district."

"It, it's _different_â€"

Mochizuki looked over his shoulder at him and raised an eyebrow.

"W-Well, I would've wanted to, toâ€|"

"You would've wanted toâ€¦| what?"

He would've wanted to choose the person and have wanted it.

"Do what, stray, see her face? Fondle her curves? Eat herâ€¦"

"I would've wanted to choose who it was!" snapped Ryuunosuke. And at the look on Mochizuki's face, he ducked his suddenly flushed face. The laughter that followed the look made him want to hide.

"You would've wanted toâ€¦| what, make it special since it was your first? Stop thinking like some damn dewy-eyed country girl, will you?" Mochizuki turned around.

"I'm notâ€¦" He stopped when he saw Mochizuki's chest. There were swathes and swathes of white wrapped around his chest, with a couple bands going across his shoulders and under his armpits. "What're those?"

"I thought that after last night you'd be able to recognize _bandages_ when you saw them."

"I-I'm not stupid! I meant, what're those _for?_"

"Some people have bad chest congestions," Mochizuki replied, quickly closing up the front of his shirt. "They say if you soak bandages in medicinal herbs and wrap it around your chest, it'll help."

A twinge shot through his chest. Was his new master going to suffer a fate like the old one had, then?

The twinge disappeared when Mochizuki sneered at him. "I aint keeling over anytime soon, stray, so don't get your hopes up."

He gave Mochizuki a wide berth as he waded into the river.

O_O

I'm thinking this person is sounding very different from what I wrote, both in past chapters and in future snippets.

6. A Low Blow

CHAPTER 6

DISCLAIMER: I DON'T OWN HAKUOUKI, ONLY MY OCs (Mama).

OxO

A Low Blow

Yasu was running. Running, running. Running out of breath. But he didn't stop. He had to get to Ren. To Ren, who hadn't stopped either.

The screeching and banging was still going, louder and louder andâ€¦"

He threw the door open. "Ren!"

"_Shut up. Shut up! SHUT UP!" Ren threw another object at Masaru, who was standing in front of Mama._

"_Ren-chan, stop!"_

"_No! Not until he goes away!"_

"_Yasu, help Mama calm down Ren. Mama needs toâ€"_"_

Ren turned to him. "No! Yasu! Yasu, help me! Mama's acting strange!"

"_No, Yasuâ€"_" He stepped over to Ren and Pochacco, who was eyeing Mama and Masaru._

"_Ren, what'sâ€| what's happening?"_

"_Mama, _Mamaâ€|!" Ren grabbed another itemâ€"a dollâ€"and threw it. "Mama wants another Papa! She wants Masaru to be our new Papa!"_

Yasu's breath hitched. He turned to look at his mother. "Mama wouldn't â€| " But she turned away.

She turned away._.

"_W-Whyâ€|?"_

"_I'm sorry Yasu. I-I wanted to talk just to Ren-chan first, alone. I already knew that you didn't like Masaru-san, so I was going to have Ren convince you, but sheâ€"_"_

"_I don't want Masaru as a Papa!" Ren yelled. "We _have_ a Papa! We don't need a new one!"_

"_But Ren, you know that Papa isn't _here_ anymore, andâ€"_"_

"_Yes! Yes he is!" shouted Ren. "He's in the hall! In his box! See? So we don't need him! Weâ€"_"_

_Both Ren and Yasu jumped when Mama shrieked. "But _I_ need him!_"

"_But I need him," she continued, her low voice trembling. "You don't understand yet, but Iâ€| I get so lonely now that Papa isn't here anymore, and Masaru-san, he's _there_, for me _and_ for the both of you. See? More than anything in the world, Iâ€| I _need_ him, and that's whyâ€|" She stopped when Masaru stepped forward._

Yasu tried not to back away as the man bent down so that he was staring eye-to-eye with them.

"_Ren, Yasu. Nothing will change between us. It'll still be like before, see? We'll still go out to buy dango, we'll still play out in the yard, we'll still eat dinner together sometimes. It's just that I'll be a little closer." Slowly, Ren lowered the next weapon, and Masaru smiled at them. He stood up when Mama touched his arm, and when he looked at her, she smiled. That's what did it. Mama looked at

him like how she used to look at Papa, eyes bright and shiny and clear. Before Papa had died. Before Papa had gotten sick._

Before Papa had brought Masaru into their lives.

He scrunched his hands into hard, tiny fists as something red hot started running through his little body.

"_Mama." They all looked over at the calmness in Ren's voice. Yasu knew this calmness. It appeared whenever Ren said something would never, ever be taken back._

Though Papa knew this calmness and was wary of it, Mama didn't. She smiled at Ren. "Yes Ren?"

"_You love Masaru." When Mama gratefully nodded, Ren continued. "You don't love Papa anymore, do you. You haven't loved him for a while now, haven't you."_

Mama finally realized that something was wrong. Terribly, terribly wrong. "Ren, that'sâ€""_

"_Mama." Ren smiled at Mama, and there was a cool, dead look in Ren's eyes. "You love Masaruâ€"you need Masaru. You don't love Papaâ€"you don't need Papa. You don't love usâ€"_"_

"_You don't need us. More than anything in the world, you need him. That's what you said, right? You chose him. Not us. So he can stay. But we're leaving. Because Papa is dead here. And so is Mama."_

"_Ren, Iâ€"_" But Ren didn't stop to listen, and Yasu found himself getting pulled out of the room._

"_Let's you, me and Pochacco go somewhere we know we're loved and needed, got it? We don't need that woman anymore!" Behind him he heard Mamaâ€"no, the person that used to be Mamaâ€"cry out for them, but neither of them stopped._

"_Ren, whereâ€"| where're we going to stay?"_

A smile broke out on Ren's face. "I know just the place."

O~O

After the first couple of days, there hadn't been too much trouble with Mochizuki. The rules had been easy to figure out once he hit all the wrong buttonsâ€"don't oppose him too openly, don't ask too many personal questions, don't slow him down too much, don't try to run away too often. If he did, his master would think up anotherâ€"|
lesson for him, though they weren't all as horrific as the first one had been.

Sometimes he'd slip and forget, though. Like right now.

It'd gone on like usualâ€"a few complaints, a few reprimandsâ€"and they'd gone in silence for a while before they both managed to somehow trip and fall. He landed on top while Mochizuki landed on a log with a nasty lump protruding from it. When Ryuunosuke got up, he

chuckled and commented on how Master must not have anything down there not to have felt that thing jabbing into his crotch.

That was how he now found himself pinned to the ground, a sword in the face.

"Ever heard of a eunuch, stray?" Ryuunosuke winced as the tip of the long sword waved under his chin. "Wouldn't be surprised if you didn't, since I never heard it once til I got to one of the big cities.

He held his breath when Mochizuki flicked him with the blade. "Oi. I asked you a damn question, and it's your damn responsibility to answer."

"N-No, Iâ€|" Ryuunosuke gulped ad the blade moved lower, towards his groin. "Good. I'll explain the process to you then. Castration? Quite painful, and there's no way to stop the poor bastard from feeling it unless you use sake or some other cheap alcohol to dull it. But what's the point? The people who make eunuchs usually don't give a damn.

"Next is the surgery." His hand tightened when Mochizuki's sword made itself at home above his crotch. "Everything up to the sack gets measured up andâ€|"_whish!_" He made a cutting motion. "No more manhood! Sucks don't it? That's not even the worse part, though if your manhood were everything to you, the next part would probably be preferable.

"Remember the pain? If having your sword whacked off wasn't bad enough, what little left starts swelling like a bitch. More than half of them that go through it die cuz they can't relieve themselves anymore.

"So," Mochizuki whispered, leaning forward until their lips were nearly touching, "if I were you, I wouldn't laugh about boys having no dicks. Got it?"

"G-Got itâ€|" he rasped, ducking his head.

"Here's the thing though." His eyes widened as Mochizuki grabbed him by the chin and forced his eyes up. "Eunuchs can still feel pleasure. They just can't express it like they used to."

His stomach churned in familiar despair and disgust as Mochizuki grinned at him and came closer.

OvO

Heehee, had difficulty thinking up a, uh, situation that would allow for that explanation, hahah... hah. The lesson at the end was just a whim. Didn't even think about adding one until I hit the end of it and that line appeared.

Well. I should probably think this through more, this chapter, but... this is the first time I will have posted 3 chapters in one day (yeah, they're all short, but...) do yeaah. Review and tell me how it wasn't so good (like, this time's prologue-ish thingy, for example?) and I'll get to it some other time, yah?

7. Back to Civilization

****CHAPTER 7****

****Realized I gave Ryuu-chan such a useless and out-of-character thing in Ch 4â€”**_**pride**_**. Bwuahah! Whatever! We'll just chalk it up to growth in character, yah?*****

****DISCLAIMER: I DON'T OWN HAKUOUKI, ONLY MY OCs (uncle).****

****OxO****

Back to Civilization

They tried not to fidget, and they held on closely to Pochacco too, just in case. It didn't seem like he would move and give them away though. He seemed to sense their urgency.

There was a snarl on his face, though. He could sense their distaste.

That man_ was here._

_But Uncle Yori wouldn't fall for his lies like _she_ had. He'd told Uncle everythingâ€”_everything_â€”and Uncle knew to listen to him. He knew Yasu didn't lie and make stuff up or do petty things. Ren had also told Uncle things, too, things that only enforced what he'd said._

Yasu frowned as he tuned back into the voices inside the room.

"_What is it you wish to speak of, Masaru-kun?"_

"_It's about Ren and Yasu. Their motherâ€”|"_

"_Yuri wants them back, yes?"_

"_She _is_ their mother, after all."_

"_Well, here's the thing. Unlike my idiot sister, I'm not so easy to sway or convince, but even if I were gullible enough to let you take them back, they wouldn't go willingly. They've already decided for themselves, just as Yuri has. They want nothing more to do with her. How long do you think before they come running back here?"_

Ren turned and gave Yasu a big grin, and Yasu raised a finger to his lips. Ren rolled her eyes, but they both returned to listening in on the conversation they shouldn't be listening to in the first place.

"â€”_still wants Ren to get an education in Osaka."_

Osaka? They were going to send Ren away from him?

"_I forgot. The only thing that had stopped Yuri from sending Ren off had been our cousin's disapproval, but now that he's dead, she can finally send that child off for some discipline."_

"_I don't agree with what Yuri's proposingâ€"_"_

"_Of course you wouldn't." To think that Uncle would actuallyâ€|. He was so cool!_"_

There was a pause.

Yasu looked at Ren and smiled, but Ren was only staring at him in confusion. When Ren mouthed for him to explain, he shook his head and nodded for them to get back to the conversation.

"_What are you implying?"_"_

Say it!_"_ thought Yasu, but Uncle didn't. Instead, he said the thing that Yasu dreaded most. "Ren will be going to Osaka. If not to get away from you, then to polish up that behavior. That was the one thing Yuri was right about. Ren's not going to get too far with those manners. The other children will be farther-along, but they'll just have to make do and speed up Ren's training and patch up that attitude before it becomes too irreparableâ€|" The rest of the conversation slipped away as Yasu scrunched up his eyes._

No.

_No, no, _NO._

They couldn't take away Ren. Couldn't take Yasu's twin away from him. They didn't understand. No one else got him, but Ren, Ren knewâ€""_

_Ren _knew_. Knew that Yasu, Yasu wasâ€"_"_

A warm hand clamped down on his. Yasu glanced up, and he shakily grinned when Pochacco licked away the hot tears running down his cheeks. He tried not to snuffle (too loudly) when Ren pulled the rest of him into a hug. "Don't cry Yasu," whispered Ren in a low, furious hush. "No matter how far I go or how many times I leave, I'll come back to you. We'll always be able to find each other. Because we're two pieces of the same soul, remember?""_

"_Just likeâ€| just like Papa said?_"_

"_Just like Papa said."_"_

"_P-Papa said youâ€| you can't keep us apart for long becauseâ€| we'll always gravitate back to one another. Alwaysâ€|"_"_

"_Always."_"_

OMO

Being stuck with the aggressive dirt-brown pervert in woodland for a handful of weeks had almost made Ryuunosuke forget just how lively the cities were. Kyoto even more so since it was the capital.

"Looks like we're back in civilization, stray." Ryuunosuke scowled as Mochizuki looked around, a pleased smirk on his face. "Behave

yourself, else I'll have to discipline you some."

"I know how to behave," muttered Ryuunosuke. He backed up a step when Mochizuki got up really close.

"Tell me each and every detail of what will happen if you break the rules I set for you then."

"I-Is it really necessaryâ€|?" His voice trailed off as Mochizuki raised an eyebrow. "You haven't been near real live people for more than a minute before you start entitling yourself to rights that don't belong to you? Remember your place, _stray_."

He sighed but reluctantly started reciting Mochizuki's list. "If I stray too far from Master, I'll publicly parade around and show people the collar Master painstakingly made for me."

"Don't worry, you'll definitely see it later."

They stood there for a bit, and thenâ€"

"Damn. Coulda sworn there was more."

Ryuunosuke's head hung lower as the next part of the degrading list came. "Ifâ€| If I try to escape orâ€| tell anyone of, of Master'sâ€| _lessons_, I'll beâ€| subjected to a hell soâ€| so brutal I'd want toâ€| toâ€"" He stopped and looked around to see if people were eavesdropping before hurriedly muttering the last part.

"I must be getting senile in my old age of, what, seventeen? You'll have to say that last part again. Loudly this time." Mochizuki nodded his head at the hunched beggar on their street. "Enough for that old fogey over there to hear."

"I'llâ€| I'llâ€|" Mochizuki raised the other eyebrow. "Don't make me repeat myself, stray. I don't like to repeat myself."

"I'llâ€| myselfâ€| withâ€| handâ€| forâ€| my life."

"_Stray_."

"_Without sake in hand, I'll castrate myself with a hammer and piss blood for the rest of my life!_"

Everyone turned and stared at him, wide-eyed. All save for the hunched beggar/old fogey, who continued rattling his small bowl for some loose change.

Ryuunosuke growled as Mochizuki threw back his head and laughed. "If you want to so badly, stray, I'll buy you a hammer myself later. For now though you'll have to help me sniff someone out."

He exhaled as Mochizuki started walking. "Who're we looking for?"

"Some tall, short-haired blond bastard, some tall, buff, stiff redhead, andâ€| some tall, girly-looking purple-haired pansy. They could all go die for all I care though." When he left it at that, Ryuunosuke frowned. "Thenâ€| whose death _would_ you care

for?"

"It'll be pretty damn obvious, though a slow-witted stray like you wouldn't be able to catch on." Mochizuki turned to smirk at him.
"We're looking for my twin."

****OTTO****

****HAHAH!** Went online to find out what Serizawa's sickness was called and instead came upon this interesting game review!?!? And HOLY SHIT, musta been obvious I only watched the anime and didn't play any of the games, cuz! THERE'RE SO MANY DAMN OPTIONS! Like, WTF? RYUU WAS MAYBE THERE TO SEE CHIZURU? RYUU WAS MAYBE THERE TO SEE PRACTICALLY EVERYONE DIE? RYUU WAS MAYBE CRAZY ENOUGH TO GANG UP WITH CHIKAGE AND TRY TO EXACT REVENGE ON THE BISHIES? This fic definitely started after the anime ending, not from one of the game ones.******

****But** that girl's comments were hilarious. Apparently Ryuunosuke was just some "slave bitch" of some guy suffering of "Definitely some STD lol" and Souji's "massive gay love" for Kondo was sickening, and the route of two of the bishies was "pretty boring unless he's around da ladies." And "Bronosuke"? No flaws cuz he's just totally cool like that. But said she would "not touching Musouroku with a 40 foot pole," so imma hafta go find someone else for the game review.******

****But** rest assured, these revelations put serious dents in one of the events I had planned, though! I WILL STILL BUY THE GAMES, DAMN IT! But! it was already hard writing things in favor of Ryuu, and this didn't help the matter at all.******

****Said** I wasn't gonna do no more long crap ANs like this! Sorry guys. Couldn't help it. But since I already inadvertently ****_**lied**_**** this time around!

****Most** of the chapters lately seem to be featuring more of the prologue-ish thing than the story itself! no more! Next chapter's prologue-ish thing will be short.******

****And** heehees, Heisuke's laughing voice in Reimeiroku 7 is SOOO adorable! And yes, I rewatched all of Reimeiroku while writing this chapter today. I had time.******

8. Friend to the Lonely

****CHAPTER 8****

****DISCLAIMER:** I DON'T OWN HAKUOUKI, ONLY MY OCs.******

****OxO****

Friend to the Lonely

"_Okay, so tell me what you're supposed to do once you get to Osaka."_

"_No, I aint gonna repeat myself! If you didn't listen the first time, why would you listen the second time? That's just stupid!"

scoffed Ren. He eyed the child, who eyed him back. Yori tried not to roll his eyes in annoyance. The boy Yasu was very similar to his mother's former non-confrontational, soft-spoken self, but Ren? Nothing like Yuri or Ayumu. But his cousin had always had a soft-spot for the troublesome child in front of him now and had never really tried to reign in Ren—he wasn't one to talk though, considering how he had always given into Ayumu's whims—which partially explained their current predicament.

Yoru stifled a sigh. "Take care, Ren. Listen to your elders and try not to cause too much trouble, will you?"

"Yeah yeah yeah, got it, Uncle. Now shut up, I'm gonna talk to Yasu!"

He sighed and gave the sniffling boy a small push in the right direction. "Go on."

"Ren—" The boy's voice got cut off when Ren covered his face with a hand.

"Yasu! Remember—we already said all we needed to. Got it?"

Yasu nodded, and Ren grinned before removing the hand. Then, unexpectedly, the brat bent down level to the dog they'd brought along with them.

"Pochacco—remember, okay? Dogs are good friends to the lonely! You have to help give Yasu and Uncle Yori a reason to get up in the morning!"

In answer, the dog barked and gave the kid a lick on the face. Ren patted it on the head before giving Yasu a quick, hard hug. Surprisingly enough, Ren pulled him down into a hug, and as he bent over, Ren whispered something in his ear before shoving him away.

"Don't think you can replace me though!" Ren yelled, sticking out a tongue before turning and running to the woman who'd been kind enough to take Ren to Osaka with her. The two of them—three, with the dog—watched as the pair disappeared, and it wasn't until he was sure he wouldn't be able to catch sight of his twin any longer that Yasu was finally ready to go. Before they did, though, the little boy asked him a question.

"What did Ren tell you?"

Yori smiled. "Nothing."

"You'll never be as good as I am, but you'll get Yasu. You had Papa, so you'll understand that part of him too. You'll let him know that he's not bad or wrong for wanting what he wants."

Ren was annoying and rude, but the kid had some good points.

O[]O

The screen door slammed open.

"Master!"

But Mochizuki ignored him and stomped over to the rush mat on the left side of the room and threw himself down.

"That was no way to act at all!"

When Mochizuki stayed silent, he sighed. After the scene Mochizuki'd caused outside, they were lucky to be having a room here.

Ryuunosuke shook out his leg, which was wet from the drink one of the drunks had spilled on him. "Are you sure your twin'sâ€| here?"

"_Shut up, stray," muttered Mochizuki, though a little more absentmindedly than usual, since he was still scanning the crowd._

"_Well, I'm just saying," he mumbled, glancing around at the other petitioners in the large banquet hall. Tonight must be one of those special events, or else everyone would've been in their own rented rooms rather than just out in the open for everyone to see._

"_Whether they want to or not, all men invariably go to the red-light district at least once." There was a pause, and then "Those three guys I mentioned? Will definitely go here during their stay. Especially that purple-haired pansy."_

Mochizuki finally turned and looked at him. "What about you, stray? I'm sure you wandered here at least once during your stay. Find a bitch you fancy?"

_He hadn't really thought about it until then, but they were in Kyoto's red-light district. Which was where _she_ was. Though she obviously wasn't like the girls Mochizuki was talking about._

"_Sheâ€|she's not that kind of girl."_

Mochizuki blinked. "I'm surprised," he drawled, eyeing Ryuunosuke. "Is it one-sided and unrequited, or is she stupid enough to actually like you back?"

"_She's not stupid!"_

"_That's what you say, but only someoneâ€|"_"_

Ryuunosuke gaped as a large, drunken partygoer came over and slapped Mochizuki in the ass.

He hoped that, for his sake, the poor guy knew how to use the sword on his hip, since the dark expression on his master's face didn't bode well. The man didn't notice though, drunk as he was. Instead he slung an arm over Mochizuki's shoulders.

"_Rin-chan, it's been a while! What're you doing out of Osaka, huh?" He blearily looked Mochizuki over before he laughed. "Why're you dressed so strangely, eh? I liked you in your kimono and obi much

better!"_

"_You seem to have mistaken me for someone else," Mochizuki coolly replied, shrugging him off. "Perhaps you saw another person that looked like me, here?"_

"_Nope, definitely saw you up in Osaka some years back!" the drunk laughed, stepping closer. "You know why I remember? It's cuz I'd never seen such a foul-mouthed, arrogant chit before in my life!" Ryuunosuke flinched as the shout was accompanied by a large fist to the table._

The banquet room suddenly went silent.

"_Well, whoever that girl was, she'd probably never seen such a fat, arrogant prick before in her life either."_

The drunk stood there in stupefied silence for a second before roaring and swinging his arm out at Mochizuki.

Somehow, though he hadn't said anything at all, he'd gotten beaten aboutâ€"he could feel a black eye comingâ€"but Mochizuki, somehow he'd managed to avoid the serious hits. He'd taken most of them. Because that's what you did for a master, apparently.

"Masterâ€|" Said master responded by blowing out the candle he'd brought with him, plunging the room into darkness. Ryuunosuke sighed and sat down on his mat, pulling the cover over himself as he made himself comfortableâ€"or as comfortable as his bruises would let him be.

"Your twinâ€| is a girl, right?" When his question was met with silence, he gulped and continued. "Is sheâ€| is she a maiko?"

There was an inhalation, and Ryuunosuke prepared himself for the usual barrage that accompanied questions about his master's personal life. What really happened surprised him, just the tiniest bit.

"I'm tired..."

And Mochizuki sounded it. His typically loud, rough voice had softened a bit, sounding lower and gentler. And in the dark, where no one would be able to attach image to person, it sounded almost feminine.

And at the tip of that voice, he could've sworn he'd almost heard his name.

OAO

Hm. Let's say Mochizuki's normal voice sounds sorta likeâ€| Kaoru! In that episode where "she" has a run-in with Kazama, Amagiri, and Shiranui Kyo outside Yaseto Village, when he talks big (and creepy) before cowardly retreating. Right when he first starts talking deep though, not later. Later he started sounding very annoyingâ€| But. Maybe I should just go look up voice actors, hahah.

And see? I put that stuff I found out in Ch 7 to use!

But! Two chapters in one day, yeah?

9. Wolves of Mibu

****CHAPTER 9****

****I like how no one's commenting *throws confetti* #\(^[]^)/# I'll try to do something review-worthy later. For nowâ€¦|plot-building.****

****DISCLAIMER: I DON'T OWN HAKUOUKI, ONLY MY OCs (that drunk guy from the other chapter).****

****OxO****

Wolves of Mibu

He and Ren hadn't told Uncle, but they were afraid. It had been a mask, their distaste. They'd hidden their fear, buried it deep under frustration and distrust. And for months after Ren left, though he was lonely, he wasn't afraid.

The wolf brought it back though.

He hadn't noticed it at first, but Pochacco had. He'd started getting really protective, stopping him from going outside into the yard sometimes. Not that he would've, since it was cold and snowing, and playing in the snow wasn't that fun if you were alone. So he was inside with Uncle Yori when he saw it.

Later Uncle Yori said there must've been something wrong with it, since wolves are very social creatures that travel in packs. That's why it'd been aloneâ€”its pack had probably driven it away because it was sick or not right anymore.

_Yasu could tell though. His eyes had caught briefly with those of the wolf, before it loped away. Its eyes had looked like
his.

Uncle had told him not to be afraid; the wolf was weak and wouldn't be able to fight against him if it came inside, since he had a katana and knew how to use itâ€”as should Yasu. That wasn't why he cried though.

Pochacco wasn't inside the house with them.

The snow was a very bright red that night.

****O_O****

When a familiar hand wrapped around his face, Ryuunosuke jolted up out of sleep.

I didn't do anything! thought Ryunosuke as he started flailing. He stopped when he received a fist to the gut.

"Get up, stray. Something's happening downstairs."

The hand lifted and Ryuunosuke started gasping for breath.

"W-Whatâ€”?"

"Shut up and come on."

The door opened and Ryuunosuke saw the slight, intimidating silhouette of his master, and he scrambled to his feet and hurried after him.

They passed several dark rooms on their way, some of whose doors were thrown ajar, and when they got to the landing, Ryuunosuke stopped in his tracks and gaped. "Whatâ€¦ what's happening?"

It was utter pandemonium on the main floor of the banquet hall. Revelers from earlier were either fleeing or fighting a group of men in familiar blue haori, and the geiko and maiko were screaming as they scampered over the bodies of the drunk and dead.

"The infamous Wolves of Mibu turned Shinsengumi law enforcers," muttered Mochizuki. "Looks like Kyoto's wolf pack is attacking."

"We shouldâ€¦ we should go, don't you think, Master?"

"Doesn't really matter to me what you think, stray, so sit back and watch theâ€¦"

"_You_."

They both turned and saw the drunk from before staggering towards them, an angry expression on his face, and Ryuunosuke winced. He hadn't been the only one to escape from the fight scathed. The enormous blue-black spots dotting his livid face made the drunk's head resemble rolls of overripe sausages.

"If it aint fatty. Your head doing any worse?"

"Youâ€¦ I'm gonna pay you back some, you and your bitch."

"Oi! I aintâ€¦"

Mochizuki snickered.

"What's so funny, huh?"

"As if you could take me."

"Youâ€¦!" Ryuunosuke quickly backpedaled as the man whipped out his katana and brandished it at them.

"Care to say that again, brat?"

"Care to have your manhood handed to you on blade point?"

"I'm going to force your innards down your throat, boy. You _and_ your dog."

"That's not my dog," Mochizuki corrected, "it's a stray I picked up." His heart plummeted as his suicidal master cocked a finger at the giant and smirked. "Feel free to come at me and try though."

It might have been the confident look on Mochizuki's face, but the large man hesitated, and his sword wavered in the air.

"Stalling cuz that blow I dealt you down there still bothering you?"

Falling for the taunt, the man roared and rushed forward.

Straight into the sword that Mochizuki had materialized.

The drunk growled in surprise as Mochizuki pushed him back with the interlocked blades, and Ryuunosuke ogled in wide-eyed anxiety and fascination as Mochizuki blocked and pivoted in one continuous motion, raining several shallow, almost gentle cuts on the giant, who cried out "H-Hey, stop!" But Mochizuki fluidly, easily danced around him for several moments more, and thenâ€

A sickeningly wet crunch sounded as the blade pierced through flesh with sudden vicious ferocity, and there was a loud, wet inhalation as the giant stared dumbfounded at the blade that had sprouted from his chest. Ryuunosuke cried out in alarm as the body limply slipped off the blade and nearly toppled him.

"Seems I was right," breezily declared Mochizuki, who callously flicked the blood off the blade before sheathing it.

"M-Masterâ€|" Ryuunosuke glowered as he ignored him and stepped over to the railing. Warily, he followed. He cried out when Mochizuki whirled around and gave him a sudden shove. "Go back and grab our things, strayâ€"we're leaving."

"Iâ€"I thought you said you were gonna stay and watch the show."

"If I could, I would." He received a shove with an added kick. "Wolf packs generally don't take too kindly to a lone wolf though. Now shove off."

"No need to kick me," Ryuunosuke muttered, running back to their room. "Why's he gotta be so violent, anyways?"

Mochizuki always seemed to be looking for excuses to lash out at him, and the fight with that drunk only emphasized his violent tendencies. He sighed as he fumbled around in the dark room for their things.

"Where did I leave theâ€"agh!" He tripped over his bag, and as he didâ€"

Above his head, he felt the passage of wind.

Shit.

"Who's there?" he shouted, reeling around as he scrabbled towards the back of the room, away from whoever had attacked just now.

"Ibuki-kun."

Ryuunosuke straightened up.

"Yamaâ€| Yamazaki-san?"

The small joy he'd felt at seeing an old comrade shriveled up when the other slowly replied. "It would've been for the best if you hadn't come back."

"Youâ€¦ How did youâ€¦"

"I saw your declaration this afternoon."

"What? Butâ€¦" He hadn't seen anyone from the Shinsengumi around thenâ€¦the blue haori would've given it away. So howâ€¦?

All the breath left his body as someone tackled him to the floor. His heart, pounding furiously away in his chest, nearly stopped when something cool and sharp pressed up against it.

"Yamazaki-san, y-you don't really mean toâ€¦!"

"I do."

"Butâ€¦ we should talk it out first! W-With, um, Hijikata-san and Kondou-sanâ€¦"

"I did. This is what they decided." There was a pause. "I'm sorâ€¦"

There was a hard crack and sharp inhalation, and suddenly the weight above him disappeared. A boom sounded, as something hit the wall to his right.

A voice sounded out above him. "That fool better be sorry, trying to kill things without the say so of their owners."

Someone heaved him up to his feet. "M-Master!?" He was sent reeling as the person shoved him.

"That stick in your back? Definitely not my prick, so hurry up and get outta the way before you stick yourself."

"W-What're you going toâ€¦?"

"I want to hear more about this Hijikata, Devil Commander of the Wolves."

"Yamazaki-san, he won'tâ€¦" He wouldn't betray Hijikata-san or any of the other Shinsengumi captains. He'd die instead.

"Every man's honor has a weak spot, a breaking point. It's only a matter ofâ€¦" The rest was cut off by a small grunt of pain. Ryuunosuke backed away as the two started grappling in the dark.

"I'll kill him."

"Yeah, I noticed. But seems you didn't notice _this_â€¦" Another grunt of pain sounded in the dark, though this time Ryuunosuke thought it sounded more like Yamazaki. "I can gut you just fine from here too. But I'd really rather not, since I want to hear more about this Hijikata-san."

"It seems you need me more than I need either of you."

"Wouldn't matter" A snort of laughter and a hiss of pain.
"either way to me if you died before or after I get to hear the interesting stuff. I just think it'd be a hassle to go find someone else."

"You could just ask _him_, your dog."

"Stray? Trust that one about as far as I could throw him."

"Judging from the strength of your throw earlier, that's a lot of trust."

Mochizuki laughed, and in the dark, with blades gleaming silver and otherworldly in-and-out of the gloom, it wasn't a nice sound.

"Pretty nice how quickly you found us," he replied. "Not too good at blending in if you don't know when to go with the masses though."

"I didn't want to risk Ibuki-kun seeing my face."

"Master, how"

"Think about what he said, stray. Then think about what _I_ said."

In the middle of opening his mouth to respond, he did.

Yamazaki had said he'd heard Ryuunosuke's declaration, and they'd left that particular street after the conversation about Master's twin and the three tall men with her. So before that?

"_I must be getting senile in my old age of, what, seventeen? You'll have to say that last part again. Loudly this time. Enough for that old fogey over there to hear."_

"The beggar!" he shouted, his voice nearly drowned out by the sudden clang of blades crossing. There was a dull thud, and then someone hit the ground. Hard.

"Nothing to clear the mind like impending death. Now," said Mochizuki. "Let's see if it'll clear up yours."

"You can do what you want, but I won't do or say anything that would go against the Shinsengumi."

"What's so special about these Wolves of Mibu that you'd risk your life for them?"

There was a low, draw-out sigh. "They haven't lost sight of the way of the warrior like most samurai have, and your worth is based on skill rather than status. Honor is more than just the self, and they know it."

It was silent, for a moment, and then

WHAM.

Ryuunosuke rushed forward. "Master!"

He fumbled around until he found Yamazaki, and he put his fingers to his throat. He sighed in relief when he found a pulse still.

"I wasn't gonna kill him. He's only out cold" told me something interesting, after all."

Ryuunosuke would've asked what'd been so interesting about Yamazaki's statement"he'd only told his belief in the Shinsengumi"but that was when the door burst open.

O[]O

Haaah, I accidentally had Yamazaki say "for the vest" before I went and fixed it before publication. Did his thingy sound weird? I think it sounded weird and **_duuuuude**_**, he was so **_**old**_** (30!?) in real life. Sure as hell aint gonna look up HIS picture, nyah! Though" I wanna see Heisuke's.**

So irresponsible how I put all their historical-drama lives on pause in this fic just for my own ends. Should I try to merge the two?

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**Naaaah.**

Well, I shall (try to) be MIA (or maybe AFK is more appropriate?) for a while since life and school work needs to catch up.

10. Enter Three Idiots

CHAPTER 10

Hahahah, thanks for that review, MikoSasesko! Glad you find this as interesting as you do. And" heheheh. You'll see! Though" not for a while. Talking about **_a while**_**" SORRY FOR THE WAIT! Though it's not as long as my other stories, hahah" hah. Five months and counting, **_**aish**_**.

GOMEN****.

DISCLAIMER: I DON'T OWN HAKUOUKI, ONLY MY OCs (three idiots).

O~O

Enter Three Idiots

Yasu's breaths were coming in short, heavy pants, but he couldn't stop to catch his breath, or else Uncle might get him.

He steadied his breathing, and as he did a trio of men passed by outside.

"_Ah, that maiko, did you have a good time with her?"_

"_You mean the one I bought?"_

"_Well, unless you have _other_ onesâ€|"_

"_What's to say I don't?" At the man's response, Yasu's motions slowed, and his hands tightened on the hilt of the blade when raucous laughter filled out behind him._

"_No way you!"_

"_Oi oi, can I have the leftover one then?"_

Yasu's eyes darted to the three men, andâ€|

He groaned at the stinging pain in his arm. "Agh!"

He looked up at his uncle, who gave him a sharp shake of the head. "Don't let your eyes stray, Yasu. No matter how inflammatory and infuriating, do not let yourself be distracted."

"_Butâ€| Uncleâ€|"_

"Yasu_."_

He flinched and looked away from his uncle. As he did, his eyes landed on the group.

"_The strongest sword is the one unclouded by emotion. Do you understand?"_

_His sword hand clenched when he saw the man. Tall, like _he_ was._

"_Yasu. _Do you understand?"_

Reluctantly he tore his eyes away and looked at his uncle. "Iâ€| I understand."

"_What do you understand, Yasu?"_

"_Theâ€| the strongest sword isâ€| is the oneâ€|" More laughter sounded out behind him, and his eyes started to tear up. "â€|the one unclouded by emotion," he sniffed, wiping at his suddenly wet face. Uncle Yori stared at him for a moment before sighing._

"_Come here."_

And before his uncle could take back his words, Yasu ran into his arms and buried his face in his shirt, and he cried as hands awkwardly, gently patted him on the head.

"_Don't worry Yasu. Ren will come back to us."_

OxO

Ryuunosuke's stomach wrenched into tight curls of fear as a familiar man with a tall, muscular build barreled into the room.

"Yamazaki-san, are you?" Ryuunosuke? He stopped and gaped. "What're you?" His eyes when he caught sight of Yamazaki lying on the floor.

"Shinpachi-san, I can't!" He stopped as another two familiar figures rushed through the open door. He frowned in growing dismay as Heisuke caught sight of him. "Ryuunosuke? What's going on?"

Harada fell into a crouch alongside Shinpachi. "So who's the guy that took out Yamazaki?"

Shinpachi grinned. "How bout we find out?"

"No, Shinpachi-san, I can't!" "ah!" Ryuunosuke cried out as he suddenly found himself alongside Yamazaki, who suddenly disappeared. Glancing up, he found that Mochizuki had taken up a sword stance in front of him and was holding Yamazaki's limp body between him and Shinpachi and Harada, who had also fallen into battle stances of their own. After a belated moment of hesitance, so did Heisuke, though there was a rueful, disgruntled frown on his face.

"If you damn idiots come any closer, we'll find out just how effective this guy is as a human shield."

"_Master!_"

"You wanna see that badly too, stray?"

He bit his lip. He grimaced when Heisuke gave him a beseeching look. "Ryuunosuke, are you sure you can trust this guy?"

Ryuunosuke opened his mouth, and his master spoke. "The stray can trust me as much as the next guy, which happens to be your unconscious friend who just tried to kill him. So no, not that much."

Mochizuki raised his blade when Shinpachi tensed as if to move. "Oi, baka. I thought I said not to make any moves. Or is this guy as expendable as the stray?"

"Seems like we're at an impasse."

"Yeah, seems so." Ryuunosuke stumbled as his master stepped back. "Stay away so you don't get under foot, stray. If you don't, at least get in _their_ way, not mine."

"Well, I'd like to say it was nice meeting you guys, but since you tried to kill my stray without my okay, we're starting our friendship with unsteady footing. I'll just end it here before someone gets hurt!" And suddenly Ryuunosuke found himself being pushed up against the window. For a split second it held, but then there was a great rending noise and he suddenly found himself weightless, falling, falling...

...until he reached the bottom of darkness.

O-O

He couldn't look at the pretty brown-haired girl beside him, the one leading him to the room. Every time he tried, his face would heat up.

_Holding her hand softly in his was good enough_â€"_more than enough_â€"_since it was more than he'd thought he'd ever be able to get. To think that they'd do _that_ soon..._

_Doing _that_ with her was just impossible. Downright impossible. She didn't seem like the type to do _that_, especially with someone like _him_..._

Everything was too surreal. It couldn't be real.

_"You're right baka, it isn't, so until I've finished my business and have no use for you any more... get up. _You can't die_." "

His eyes shot open to see Mochizuki looming up above him. Perhaps it was just the strange dream he'd just had or the way the moonlight was falling on them, but for some reason Mochizuki's features seemed softer and more feminine than before.

"If I'd found your sword, stray, you'd be getting a very dangerous lesson later for ignoring my orders. Be grateful this blade is worth too much to dirty in that manner."

Ryuunosuke unsteadily stood up and took a step towards Mochizuki. "N-No lessons. Iâ€| I wasn't doing it on _purpose_â€|"

"There they are!"

As several men in blue haori pooled out of the building, Mochizuki drew his katana and laughed. "This is surprising. How did a stray end up with a pack of wolves?"

Instead of answering, Ryuunosuke turned tail and ran. Behind him, the sounds of steel blades clashing grated his ears, and he cringed. Without turning back, he ducked down into an alleyway.

I'm sorry. He couldn't let them catch up to him. If he did, he was done for. The Shinsengumi wouldn't let him go a second time.

Why did they have to choose _that_ inn?

A foot shot out and sent him sprawling.

"D-Damn itâ€|!" he groaned.

"Hey there, Ibuki-kun," a familiar voice called out as he struggled to his feet. Ryuunosuke cried out when he was bodily lifted up and thrust against a wall. "I told you to get as far away from this place as you could, didn't I? Should've remembered that you're not the brightest."

"O-Okita-san, p-pleaseâ€|!" he gasped, clawing at the hand pinning him upright. His eyes widened in fear when he saw the unsheathed katana in the other.

"Sorry Ibuki, but you had your chance." His breath grew fainter as the hand around his neck tightened. "You should've made better use of it."

"You'd make better use of your time if you got your hands off of that stray."

Ryuunosuke slid to the ground as Okita turned and regarded the person stalking towards them with bloody katana in hand.

With a smile, Okita raised his blade. "Didn't your mother teach you not to butt in on other people's business?"

Mochizuki smirked. "That woman was a selfish one."

Okita laughed. "Seems you are too."

Mochizuki's face tightened, and Ryuunosuke scrambled to his feet as his master leapt forward. There was a gleam of silver as the blades swung and met, and he flinched and backed away. He stopped at the note of ire in Mochizuki's voice, though. "You're lucky I came for you when I did, so don't make your punishment worse than it already is stray."

With an exasperated growl, he turned and watched as Mochizuki deflected Okita's blade.

"Pay attention or else you're gonna lose an arm."

"Shut up or else you're gonna lose your manhood," Mochizuki scoffed, bracing himself as the other swordsman pushed back against him.

Okita smirked. "How about an exchange? My manhood for your virginity."

"That's not something I have to give away, now is it?" laughed Mochizuki.

Behind them the blue-haired dog frowned. This was, to be sure, the strangest bantering he had ever heard. He'd never thought it, but was Okitaâ€¦| _strange_ like Mochizuki was too? The only virginity that Mochizuki had to give was, well, _that_ one, maybe, at the other side, andâ€¦|

Ryuunosuke covered his reddening face. Everything was becoming so _queer_.

His hand dropped to his side when he heard the sound of running feet coming up down the other end of the alley.

"M-Master, they're coming this way!"

Okita smirked as he shoved Mochizuki back. "Give up. You can still get away, but Ibuki-kun is coming with us."

Ryuunosuke's blood chilled at the laugh that slipped past Mochizuki's lips. "That's fine with me! The stray's mine, so he goes where I go, and as it so happensâ€¦| I have business with the

Shinsengumi."

O_O"

JANJAN I UPDATED~!

Well! At the time I was first writing this chapter (aboutâ€| 6 months back?) our assignment for AP Lit was annotating the book **_How to Read Literature Like A Professor**_** by Thomas C. Foster (very interesting, yalls should check it out!) and it mentioned tuberculosis, and I became a little more aware of the disease, and nowâ€| I am wary of the consequences of romantic relations between my OCs and Okitaâ€| AISH! Whatever. Hopefully that person justâ€| **_**won't contract it**_** despite the close frequent (future) contact.**

Had the idea to draw something for this because I was listening/watching Love-Distance Long Affair... It's coming alooongâ€| not too badly. I went and watched the OVA (#6) on my Hakuouki Reimeiroku DVD (since I wasn't sure of Hakuouki's drawing style for a girl's profile view) and realized thatâ€| RYUU-CHAN **_DID**_** HAVE HIS OWN SWORD STILL! That woulda been good to know for that one chapter whose details I chickened out on, hahah! Aherm. **_**Anyhoo**_**â€| yeah, he doesn't have it now. Because it'd be **_**such**_** a hassle to look for something sharp and dangerous in the dark. That's, like, miles and miles away.**

11. Grasping the Situation

CHAPTER 11

What an ugly title. That wasn't what it was supposed to be, but I changed it so I could use the original for later. Now it's this ugly one. Doesn't even MATCH with the chapter, bwuahah! I'm gonna have a scene in here, since there's no chance of Ryuuhurling into anyone's mouth (the distance makes that sorta difficult), butâ€| I don't know how far I should go, since I don't wanna scare anyone off. Naw, I know how far I wanna go, but if you're too afrightened to read it, the scene... I will indicate its start (and you can just skip ALL the way to the bottom for my AN, if ya want). And think what you will of Yasu, but Ryuuh is not GAY! Hence the hurling that usually stops me from writing **_scenes**_**! Things will clear up and make sense though, if you read this fic untilâ€| well, not the end (that's still some distance away), more like seventeen chapters ahead or so, if I don't suddenly add something.**

JAAAAAN.

DISCLAIMER: I DON'T OWN HAKUOUKI, ONLY MY OCs.

OUO

Grasping the Situation

"_Hello Rin-chan. Why don't you take a seat?"_

_Ren entered the room but remained standing and scowling at the teacher. "It's not Rin-chan, it's _Ren-kun_."_

The woman smiled. "You were Ren back home, but here you'll be Rin. Why haven't you spoken to the others here?"

"_They're all stupid _girls,_" Ren muttered, kicking away a small doll at the foot of the mat. "I wanna play with boys. Where are they?"_

Ren scowled when the woman laughed. "The boys will come, sooner than you'd like. Until then you'll have to make friends with the other girls."

"_They're soâ€| _girly_ though."_

"_From what I heard, your brother is as well, isn't he?"_

Her scowl deepened. "That's different." Yasu may be a boy, but that was only outside. Inside was something else entirely.

"_Yes, and _you_ are different from Yasu." The woman wagged a finger at her and started with her speech, and Ren rolled her eyes. She and Yasu weren't as different as everyone made it seem, but it was fine. They were the only ones that needed to know._

"â€"need to pay attention."_

"_I am," Ren snapped, scuffing the ground with her foot._

"_Then what did I just say?"_

"_You said I need to pay attention. I did."_

"_Yes, I can see," the woman replied. "Then why don't you follow through with the directions then?"_

"_There's no point. I don't need toâ€"_"_

"_There is. This will help you become a proper woman, and as it stands, you've a long way to go."_

"_I don't _need_ to be 'a proper woman'! All I need to do is be with Yasu and protect him!"_

"_You don't seem to understand, Rin. The point of you coming here is to become a young woman of respectable note and behavior. If there is no progress, we will need to be repaid for the time lost on you. I'm sure your uncle wouldn't appreciate thatâ€|_"_

Ren softened a bit. Even though he was a pansy too, she didn't want to make things more difficult for Uncle Yori than she had already. He'd taken them in, after all.

"â€|_Yasu is a boy, and I'm sure he's capable of taking care of himself. If he wants to find a girl and get married someday, he'll have toâ€"_"_

Ren turned and bolted out the door. "You don't know anything about Yasu! Don't pretend like you do!" she shouted back.

"_Rin-chanâ€"_" She ignored the woman, her wooden sandals slapping loudly against the wooden floor as she pelted through the halls,

ignoring the gawking girls blurring past her. None of them mattered._

_No one knew Yasu better than Ren, understood him inside and out, and it was the sameâ€"he knew her best. Why did no one _get that?_

_Yasu may be older, but Ren was stronger. She was the one that protected them bestâ€"until Masaru came. She hadn't been able to protect Yasu then. That's why she shouldn't be _here_. It was only going to make her softer, and Ren needed to be _tougher_. For them. For him. For _her_. _

They didn't need anyone else. Not really. Yasu didn't want to have a woman anyway, and sheâ€"she would kill any man that touched her.

OxO

"Sorry to have to greet you in these conditions, but with the recent troubles, the Shinsengumi have had more reason to be cautious of those that approach us."

The stray fidgeted as the men in the room shifted restlessly, his master lounging nonchalantly beside him as if the figureheads of the capital's leading force weren't eyeing him with a hand on their swords. Well, Kondou wasn't, though Hijikata's hand looked like it disliked the unnatural separation of hand and hilt. But then again, the Shinsengumi's second-in-command had always looked ill-at-ease.

Ryuunosuke quickly lowered his eyes when Hijikata's disconcerting gaze landed on him. He turned around and glared though, when an abrasive laugh sounded out from behind.

"Seems like that part of you hasn't changed either, Ibuki-kun," said Okita. Ryuunosuke shivered at the disconnect between Okita's laughing face and his cool green eyes. _He_ looked like he'd be more than happy to cut them both down right here and now.

He cried out when someone cuffed him in the ear.

"You're in enough trouble as it is, so I don't get why you feel the need to invite more."

"S-Sorry, Masterâ€"|"

He stared at the floor in discontent as his master tossed his brown ponytail over one shoulder. "Speaking of mastersâ€"|" you should introduce me to your previous owners, stray."

"I-It was Serizawa-san who was my actual master," Ryuunosuke mumbled, playing with his wrist. "Kondou-san and Hijikata-san were justâ€"|" "

He stopped when Mochizuki flicked him in the side of the head. "I'm well-aware of the fact that it's Kondou Isami and Hijikata Toshizo seated before me. The introduction I was thinking of bordered more on the lines of you giving them _my_ name, but since you're so hard of hearing _and_ thinkingâ€"|" He turned back and smirked at Kondou and

Hijikata. "I wouldn't mind if you called me Master as well, but I take it neither you nor your lackeys would like that." Mochizuki snorted derisively at the men that stiffened behind him, and Ryuunosuke bit his lip. _Now who's the one inviting trouble?_

"There've been a few people known to call me Ren on occasion, but I prefer the name Mochizuki Yasu."

"Is that not your name then?"

"I'm part of a setâ€"boy and girlâ€"and the two of us are easily confused" was the reply, and Kondou nodded. "What business do you have with the Shinsengumi, Mochizuki-kun? How did you and Ibuki-kun meet each other?"

"This is going to be interesting" he heard Okita mutter from behind him, and Ryuunosuke flushed and looked down. It looked like _his_ opinion of him hadn't changed much, at least.

He looked up as his master did a lazy stretch. "Does it matter? A stray's a stray no matter how you come by it."

"Right, butâ€"ah, thank you, Chizuru." Ryuunosuke looked up and thanked the young brown-haired boy for the cup of tea as well. Mochizuki simply ignored him.

"I'm looking for someone."

"There are many individuals that pass through Kyoto, andâ€" "

"Kazama Chikage."

The effect of that name was instantaneous, though Ryuunosuke didn't know why. The boy Chizuru almost dropped the tray of cups he was still passing to the others, who all took an intimidating step forward, towards Mochizuki. Who laughed and smirked. "I take it he's a great friend."

"What's your connection to that guy?"

In spite of the serious looks he was getting, Mochizuki languidly stood and ran a hand through his ponytail. "It would be _greatly_ appreciated if the Shinsengumi would help me get back my twin, who seems to have been spirited away. Should be easy enough to spot those three foreigners in a sea of black and brown. Unless you're visually impaired like the stray," he added, smirking at Ryuunosuke's angry flush.

"Why did they take her?"

His master looked down into his cup with a grin playing across his lips. "Well, use your head to think of the situation, baka. What else are you gonna do with a woman but marry her?"

Okita laughed. "Well, you could make a hit-and-run, get in their skirts and thenâ€" "

Hijikata's voice cut in before Okita could finish, his disconcerting eyes narrowing at Mochizuki as it did. "What do you expect us to do

about it?"

Mochizuki rolled his eyes and snorted. "Seeing as these three seem to be good friends of yours, I thought you would help me talk to them."

"If they've already married her, then we can't wellâ€"

"The marriage hasn't been consummated yet, not in the way you're thinking," Mochizuki smirked. "Ren may have been taken, but not the way a man would a woman. More likeâ€| a dog would a bitch." At this last part Mochizuki's eyes flitted to his, and Ryuunosuke's stomach churned uncomfortably when his master's tongue flicked out to his lips. He glanced away, and as he did there was a snort from behind him, followed by several uncomfortable coughs.

Ryuunosuke resisted the urge to bury his face in his hands. _Why was Mochizuki so purposefully awkward?_

"Well, now that we've flushed out most of the intimate detailsâ€|" Ryuunosuke cried out when he suddenly found himself in a headlock. "I'll be calling it a night. The stray has a talking-to that's been coming for a while now."

Panic set in, and he strained against the hands holding him. Was Mochizuki really going to, to do _that_, to him, with all these people here?

Surely he wouldn'tâ€"

Ryuunosuke jumped when a hand went and played with the front of his shirt. _With all those people there, watching!_

Thankfully the only ones that saw were Kondou, Hijikata, and Okita, who had moved to stand beside them when Mochizuki had declared their departure; the ones behind him only saw him stiffen. Still, that was bad enough. Heat rose to his engulf his entire body at Okita's raised brow, and he felt like he would melt into the ground in a messy pool of embarrassment and shame. All Hijikata said was "I see." Thankfully Kondou didn't read into the movement, and he was grateful for that.

He wasn't so grateful for his words though.

"Mochizuki-kun, about Ibuki-kunâ€|"

The brown-haired swordsman tilted his head at the commander of the Shinsengumi, his blue-black eyes hooded yet narrowed. "The stray stays with me until he fulfills the debt. You can do what you want with him after, but until then anyone that lays a hand on him is going to get very intimate with my sword."

Okita laughed. "Do you even have one to back up that threat?"

Instead of brandishing his steel and proving the point, Mochizuki threw back his head and laughed. "If you want to know that dearly, you can drop by any time you want, Okita-san."

"If you'd like, Mochizuki-_kun_."

Mochizuki gave Okita one last smirk before he dragged Ryuunosuke to the door. His master's footsteps slowed when Kondou called out to them. "Where will you and Ibuki-kun be staying, Mochizuki-kun?"

Mochizuki exhaled. "Where _indeed_."

"If you've nowhere to go, the two of you could stay with the Shinsengumi until your business is finished."

Ryuunosuke's already clammy hands clenched tightly against the arms around his neck as his heart took a plunge.

"Since the Shinsengumi got us an early eviction, an invitation's the least you can do."

"Aaah, Mochizuki-kun! That toneâ€¦ if you keep it up, I won't be able to keep myself from coming to your room tonight."

Mochizuki turned and smirked at the young man with the dangerously bright emerald green eyes. "You wouldn't be able to keep yourself away regardless, I'm sure."

Bile welled up at the back of his throat, and Ryuunosuke resisted the sudden urge to hurl. Mochizuki and Okita were so very _strange_ together, they made quite the pair.

"Sorry Okita-san, but me and the stray are gonna be too busy for you to come visit tonight. If you wanna hear him scream though, feel free to listen."

"So where's the room, Kondou-san? I'm itching to get into bed."

Ryuunosuke's head and mood sunk even lower when Okita gave him a bright smile. "Say, Kondou-san, Serizawa-san's old rooms are still empty. Since Ibuki-kun knows the way, they could stay in there."

"Good idea, Souji."

Damn it, Okita you sadist! he wailed, gnashing his teeth as his master pulled him to his chest and started walking again.

"Seems Mochizuki and Souji are going to get along great together" someone said as Mochizuki threw open the door.

Of course two perverts would get along greatly, thought Ryuunosuke.

"If anyone it'd be Chizuru-chan or Ibuki-kun."

"Eh? What're you talking about, Souji?"

"It's a secret" was the reply, and he started when he felt Mochizuki trembling.

"M-Masterâ€¦?"

A laugh broke out above him, and the stupid little knot of worry in his stomach dissipated. "The Shinsengumi sure are interesting, stray."

"Y-Yeah," he muttered. Not only did they kill people, they made monsters and housed perverts. Yes, very interesting.

Mochizuki would get along great with them.

"Lead the way then, stray," said Mochizuki as he dumped Ryuunosuke on the ground. "I'm sure even you've noticed that getting away from me isn't going to be as easy this time around since I'll have the Shinsengumi to help look for you too."

Ryuunosuke turned and gave Mochizuki a hesitant look. "Don'tâ€¦| don't you want to know?"

The question earned him a raised brow. "I've no interest in learning why a stray yet to earn a name ran away from its previous owners with its tail between its legs. What I am interested in," Mochizuki replied, a hand reaching forward to grasp the side of Ryuunosuke's face, "is where the bed is."

Ryuunosuke's face started burning, and he jerked away.

"I-It's this way," he muttered, whirling around and all but running away. And behind him, again, laughter rang out, and it made his skin crawl.

****OMO****

****[HEY THIS IS THE **_**SCENE**_** I'M SURE OF IT RUUUUUN]****

Ryuunosuke couldn't sit still once they entered the room. His pent-up dread was making him antsy, and he wanted to run away as far and fast as he could. He knew better than to do that again though.

He jumped when Mochizuki gripped his chin and tilted his head up so they were eye-to-eye with one another, bright amber eyes clashing with dark, intense blue.

When Master raised a brow, his blood started seething. Reluctantly, shamefacedly, he opened the front of his kimono, the shirt falling away under his trembling fingers. He stood up and quickly shook off his pants before he flopped back onto the floor and hunched in on himself, making him smaller. Not that it mattered.

The candles in the room blew out, and his body jerked when a familiar pair of hands roughly pushed his legs apart.

"Your training's far enough along that you should know what to do or not to do, stray."

Gritting his teeth, Ryuunosuke sat back and spread his legs further until Mochizuki's smooth voice told him to stop.

A sharp intake of breath shot past his lips when Mochizuki grabbed that limp part of him and started playing with it, and a flush seeped up his neck as he slowly started getting harder.

Damn it!

"I don't get why this is always so difficult for ya," he murmured, chuckling when Ryuunosuke clicked his teeth. "You like me enough later."

The flush started burning more fiercely when those hands stopped and splayed across his bare waist, flitting along the skin of his inner thighs before pinning his hips down.

"Try not to make it too hard for your friends to sleep, stray. I need them in good shape to go searching."

And as warm lips closed around him _down there_, Ryuunosuke screwed his eyes shut and closed his mind with the thought, _Just think of Shizu_.

"Shizuâ€¦"

He brought to mind the image of her large, defiant eyes, framed with silken locks of brown, eyes that shone at him like the stars when the rest of her pale face lit up in soft amusement. Shizu as she quietly laughed, as she angrily cried at him, as she danced gracefully in her best kimono.

It all started to melt away as a rough, wet tongue passed along his length, the mouth around his manhood moving further past his tip and taking him in. He bit his lip to stop from moaning, and even when the salty tang of blood filled his mouth, he bitterly choked it down and kept quiet.

He couldn't help crying out though, when Mochizuki bit him.

"Agh!"

"I don't know how it is for you, but it's a general rule that when screwing is being done, those being screwed shouldn't say other people's names."

Instead of answering, he ran a hand through his hair, which was starting to plaster itself to his forehead.

"You're going to have to be a bit more vocal stray, or else I won't know if it's any good."

Mochizuki laughed when he stayed silent, and he sighed when the warmth in between his legs slipped away.

He hissed when a sudden weight dropped on his stomach. "All the more fun for me then," that soft voice murmured, and he shivered when soft and warm lips trailed their way down his neck and made a fluttering beeline to his chest.

A wet tongue suddenly swirled around one of his nipples, and he bit his lip as a rough hand pinched the other, his body jerking as tendrils of heat unfurled in the pit of his stomach and sent hot jolts to his groin. A small sound of pleasure finally slipped past his lips when Mochizuki bit his peaked nipples, and the burning in

his face grew nearly unbearable as laughter filled the room.

A hand went to the nape of his neck and tilted his head up. "You're so fun to play with, stray." And a puff of breath across his face was the only warning before warm lips descended on him.

Ryuunosuke triedâ€"really, he didâ€"but at Mochizuki's rough, incessant biting and pulling, his smarting lips finally, reluctantly parted, a groan slipping out on accident as a tongue slid in. Hands knotted in his hair and held him closely as they kissed, the legs around him locked so tightly that he was becoming too painfully aware of his blazing upright member as Mochizuki's crotch furiously rubbed up against him, the friction sending his arousal higher, higherâ€"

He gasped when a hand wrapped around his erection and gave it a little pump. The tongue in his mouth slid further in, and he choked a bit before he knocked it back with his own, the two sliding up against each other wetly, noisily, his control breaking down as Mochizuki's hands and lips tore away at his body.

Lots of strange, breathy sounds came out of him as the hand helped release some of the tension in his groin, but Ryuunosuke had stopped caring. All he wanted was for the hot, unbearable feeling of pleasure in him to go away already and leave him to his shame.

He moaned as his body spasmed, his hips thrusting into the hand cupping him, his body straining when it couldn't reach, couldn't get a hold on releaseâ€"

His arms finally gave out beneath him, and he found Mochizuki straddling him as he lay horizontal on the ground panting and heaving, beads of sweat trailing on his skin. A shuddering sigh of relief swept out of him, when the weight on him lifted.

"Seems you're tired, stray. Maybe I should leave it at this for the night. Thoughâ€| I should probably tie you up so you don't get to anything while I'mâ€"

"No! "

There was a pause, and Ryuunosuke flinched as fingers fluttered alongside his jaw. "What was that, stray?"

He moaned. He wouldn't be able to get rid of the throbbing in between his legs on his own if that happened.

"What is it you want then?"

Shame filled him, bitter and rancorous. Butâ€| it wasn't enough to get rid of his erection.

There was a snort above him. "I've noticed you have a habit, stray. You speak when you're not supposed to, but you stay silent when you are."

He whimpered when something hot and tight engulfed his traitorous erection, and a laugh sounded above him. "Feels much better, doesn't it stray. And all you had to do was ask. Now what are you supposed to say?"

"P-Please, Master" He bit his lip and groaned. "Please help me I, I have an itch I, I can't can't scratch. I would like for Master to, to sooth to sooth it."

A sigh sounded. "Guess it can't be helped then."

Ryuunosuke couldn't answerâ€”not that he would'veâ€”because his master had started thrusting. Each movement drove the breath from his body, and he stifled another groan as the supple flesh rolling against him quickened and the heat in his stomach coiled and tightened painfully.

"Knowing you and your weak body, it won't be long," Mochizuki laughed, and it wasn't. With each jerk and twist of the hips Ryuunosuke's erection grew somehow more sore and taut, until he was crying out from the jolts of heat searing his body, arching it so that he could fall deeper into the hole pulling him in, quick and fast and hard, squeezing every drop of vitality from him until he was lying completely drained on the cold rush mat beneath him.

He shuddered as the warmth pulled away and the cold licked across his damp skin. A rag hit him in the chest, and he reluctantly used it to wipe at the slick mess he'd made. Laughter filled the room, suddenly, and his hand clenched as humiliation flooded through him.

"Being ruled by your body so muchâ€¦ you really are an animal."

**[GAH THAT'LL BE ALL THEN
 FOLKS]**

[illegible]

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[I GAVE YALL SKIPPERS AMPLE SPACE SO THAT YOU DON'T ACCIDENTALLY SEE SOME GORY DETAILS HAHAHAAAAHAHERGH]

O-O

Sorry that most of the chapter was justâ€¦ talking. I liked it, but yalls maybe didn't, so I'll try for something a little more fast-paced or interesting next time. And how I ended it tooâ€¦ EEERMAHGERSH that was SO embarrassing! I kept breaking out into giggles when I was writing it bwuagah it was so funny and gah I didn't want to want to write it! Was it not that hot? It's been a while since I've written anything remotely like **_that**_**, since I've been sorta busy. But bwuaaaah, poor (BAD!) Ryuu-chan, so sorry! Justâ€¦ keep going to your happy place! Thoughâ€¦ dunno if Kosuzu would appreciate that. But thenâ€¦ I DON'T CARE WHAT SHE WANTS, RYUU IS GOING TO GO WITH THE PERSON I INTEND FOR HIM! Too bad for her thoughâ€¦ I don't want that erojiji toâ€¦"!**

But where oh **_where**_** did that warning disclaimer from my summary go? Oh? We'll find it not too far from here? Okay then.**

MikoSasesko: WHY ARE YOU SO AWESOME? You're always REVIEWING, and when I saw that one it made my day and I busted out laughing, hahah! From whatcha said though, I'm not doing too bad on making Souji a witty guy! Woo! I mean, I got randy down, hahahahâ€¦! And yes, Ryuu-chan is so cute! I love him~! Even if people say he's a putzy-ass doormat. Hope I didn't disappoint with this chapter though! And that Souji's wits didn't suddenly leave! If I (and it) didâ€¦ I'LL TRY HARDER FOR THE NEXT ONE!

Guest: Why don't you have an account? They're pretty convenient for keeping up with stuff (and people). But HAHAAH, whatcha talking bout? I updated, likeâ€¦ two months agoâ€¦ sorry! But sure, since ya said it in **_such**_** a nice, convincing tone of voiceâ€¦ JAAAN~! Was it still hot~? No~? I'LL TRY HARDER NEXT TIME THEN! And hm, that question shall be answered in due time, bwuahahah!**

But hey! Yalls should review and make predictions or ask questions or **_something**_**! I wanna know whatchalls are thinking!**

Hm. I seem very fond of guffawingâ€¦ bwuahahah! Went and reread that one game review I mentioned before, ya know? That girl is SO FUNNY! Can't wait to buy the games, woo! But yes, heehee! Hope I can help Ryuu grow into a big boy here, hahahah.

End
file.